Ioh. And are you gone? The diuell be your guide:
Proud rebels as ye are to braue me so:
Saucie, vnciuill checkers of my will.
Your tongues giue edge vnto the fatall knife,
That shall haue passage through your trait'rous throats.
But husht, breath not bugs words too soone abroad,
Least time preuent the issue of my reach.
Arthur is dead, I, there the corziue growes:
But while he liu'd, the danger was the more;
His death hath freed me from a thousand feares,
But it hath purchast me ten times ten thousand foes.
Why all is one, such lucke shall haunt his game,
To whom the diuell owes an open shame:
His life a foe that leueld at my crowne,
His death a frame to pull my building downe.
My thoughts harpt still on quiet by his end,
Who liuing aymed shrewdly at my roome:
But to preuent that plea, twice was I crown'd,
Twice did my subiects sweare me fealty,
And in my conscience lou'd me as their liege,
In whose defence they would haue pawnd their liues.
But now they shun me as a Serpents sting,
A tragycke tyrant, sterne and pittilesse,
And not a title followes after *Iohn*,
But butcher, bloodsucker, and murtherer.
What Planet gouern'd my Nativity,
To bode me Soueraigne types of high estate,
So interlac'd with hellish discontent,
Wherein fell fury hath no interest.
Curst be the crowne, chiefe author of my care,
Nay curst my will, that made the crowne my care:
Curst be my birthday, curst tentimes the wombe
That yeelded me aliue into the world.
Art thou there villaine: furies havnt thee still,
For killing him whom all the world laments.
Hub. Why heer's my Lord your Highnes hand & seale,
Char-

Charging on liues regard to doe the deed.
Iohn. Ah dull conceipted Pesant knowst tho
It was a damned execrable deed:
Shewst me a Seale? Oh villaine, both our soules
Haue sold their freedome to the thrall of hell,
Vnder the warrant of that curst Seale.
Hence villaine, hang thy selfe, and say in hell
That I am comming for a Kingdome there.
Hubert. My Lord, attend the happy tale I te
For heauens health send Sathan packing hence
That instigates your highnesse to despaire.
If *Arthurs* death be dismall to be heard,
Bandie the newes for rumors of vntruth:
He liues my Lord, the sweetest youth aliue,
In health, with eyesight, not a hayre amisse.
This heart tooke uigor from this forward hand,
Making it weake to execute your charge.
Iohn. What, liues hee! then sweete hope come
Chase hence despaire, the purueyor for hell.
Hye *Hubert*, tell these tidings to my Lords
That throb in passions for young *Arthurs* death
Hence *Hubert*, stay not till thou hast reuealed
The wished newes of *Arthurs* happy health.
I goe my selfe, the ioyfulst man aliue
To storie out this new supposed crime, *Exeu*

The end of the first Part.